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< The Alpha and the Mistake



Exile - 3

I sighed and wondered if being a leader was as stressful for my parents, or was it just me? "Let the rogues stew in thought for tonight, and I'll deal with them in the morning. Offer them dinner and breakfast. Show them I can be kind, except for Cell 3-B. He's allowed no kindness until I speak with him tomorrow."

"And Howe?" Koreyon asked.

I should've expected that question, yet I hated he asked it all the same. "Until I figure out if he's telling us the truth or not, he'll receive the same treatment as the rogues."

"But he's Michael Howe, an abusive son of a bitch. Just like—"

I turned to him and gave him a stern glare. "I know very well who Michael Howe is, but he's done us no harm besides trespassing."

"Tell that to Ronnie," Koreyon said.

Ronnie had joined the pack five years back after he escaped the wrath of Ryan, Michael's father. He was barely conscious when we found him on the edge of our borders. My father didn't hesitate to bring him in and protect him from the Black Mountain alpha.

"That wasn't Michael's doing but his father," I told my chief of security.

"They're the same," he argued back, growing angry, which made me just as angry.


"I will not punish the son for sins of the father. That's not how my parents ran this pack. I wouldn't dishonor their memory by changing that! Can you do this Koreyon? Can you put away your personal opinions and follow my orders or do I need to have you relieved of duty?"

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Exile - 3

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The chief enforcer looked at me as if I'd hit him. After a moment he mumbled, "Of course, I can follow your orders and I will."

"Good. I'm glad to hear it. Now I'll be here at nine tomorrow to question them again." With a nod to Mario, I walked out. I noticed through all this my beta had not said a word or made a move. What did that mean? I worried it meant nothing good.

Mario continued his utter silence until we were in the car. As he drove me back to the pack house, he asked, "How bad is it?"

I smiled, though I doubted he saw it in the car's darkness. Of course, Mario would've noticed how odd I was acting back there. "Oh, it's as bad as it could get," I said in a nonchalant tone. I kept my gaze on the small town that passed outside my window. "He's it. He's the one I've been waiting for. Michael Howe, the most hated werewolf, is my... mate."

"That's pretty bad," he said, stating the obvious. "I was afraid it was going to be something like that."

I rested my head on the cool glass. "What am I going to do? Because I'll tell you, Mario, I'm pretty damn clueless right now." My heart beat faster as panic tried to creep into me.

"There are only two things you can do, Alice. Reject him and take another man, Flinn, as your mate or you accept him."

I scoffed. "As if it's that simple?" I swore I almost saw Mario smile.

"It is just that simple. Rejection would be the most attractive option, and I couldn't blame you for choosing it. The boy is quite a piece of work. Accepting him would bring you a lot of criticism. His family has hurt many people, but as you said before, he's not his father. He's only responsible for hurting the girl from Blue Crescent and it's obvious he is


2/6

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Exile - 3

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a purebred alpha – quick and strong. The way he broke free not once but twice from the enforcers was impressive. If his issues resolved, he could be just what this pack needs.”

That was true. “So I should accept him then?”

“Nope.”

“But you just said...” I argued.

“I just said the facts. Only you know if accepting or rejecting him is the correct choice for you. Either option is going to be difficult,” he explained.

I crossed my arms with a petulant huff, slumping into the car seat, earning a small chuckle from him. I hated it when he said things like that. He was wrong. I had no clue which choice was the right one, and as we pulled into the driveway of the pack house, I wasn’t any closer to knowing what I should choose. As I got out of the car, I looked up at the large house. Several windows glowed with light, meaning the pack house was full. Despite everything, I found it comforting that people still came to the pack house to feel safe. The only problem was as soon as I took a step inside, everyone would look to me for answers.

Tonight, I didn’t have answers for anyone – not for them or even for myself. Holding in the sigh that wanted to escape me, I turned to Mario. “I will see you tomorrow, bright and early”

“I’ll be here at eight, and we can plan on how we want to approach the rogues,” he replied, then added, “If you wish, Luna.”

Despite everything, I smiled. I appreciated that he attempted to make it sound like a request. “Thank you and I do.”


3/5

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Exile - 5

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Turning back to the house, I listened as Mario backed out of the driveway. I let the sigh out, then squared my shoulders, lifting my head high. I walked into the house, and as I expected, everyone who crossed my path looked at me expectantly. "Good evening," I greeted them. "There's nothing to worry about anymore tonight. We've run off the rogues are, and a few are in my custody for questioning. I'm confident that this situation with the rogues is near its end."


I got mixed reactions. Some looked relieved. Some tried to hide their doubt with smiles and nods. Others let the doubt show on their face like a lighthouse's beam in a thunderstorm. They were the older generation of the pack and believed a pack should be led by a mature, mated couple. That I had given up my entire life to fill in the gigantic hole left by my family seemed lost on them. I wasn't good enough and probably I never will be.

I reached my door and closed it. With a sigh, I slumped against it. My room was one of the few rooms that were on the ground floor. Despite all the fancy architectural modifications or that it would take an earthquake of biblical proportions to bring the house down, I felt safer on the ground floor. I didn't like earthquakes, and never gotten used to them, even though I had lived here my whole life.

I leaned against the hard piece of polished wood and wished I had enough stability to get an actual job. An actual job that allowed me an actual place of my own. As things stood now, being luna took up too much of my time and my free time was never the same hours of the day. I wouldn't be able to hold a steady job. With one last sigh, I pushed off the door and into the bathroom for a shower.

My thoughts drifted to Michael as the warm water ran over me and easing the tension in my muscles. Could he fall under the age-old cliché of the misunderstood bad boy? Could it be that easy? Would the goddess

Exile - 3

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be giving me a break? It would be just so awesome if I went to talk to him tomorrow and discovered Michael was a good guy. One who's willing to help take care of my pack? I wanted it to be true. So bad it made my heartache.

I made a rude snort as I washed my hair. Who was I kidding? No way was it going to be that easy! Michael was a little bastard. End of story. All that remained to be seen is if he was a little bastard, that could help me. I finished my shower, dried off, and headed to bed. Hopefully, I'd get some sleep tonight. I needed it if I was going to deal with the rogues and Howe in the morning.

Of course, as luck has it, I slept little. Coffee and an enormous stack of pancakes with strawberries, whip cream, and syrup chased away most of the spiderwebs caused by lack of sleep the next morning. Though Mario showed up early and I hate to eat at Road Runner speeds.

He drove me back to our holding cells. Koreyon was already waiting for me. "Are they ready?" I asked him as I got out of the car.

"Yes, Luna. I don't think 3-B has tamed the rogue much," he replied as we walked inside.

"Then he stays there until I know what I want to know," I told him, walking into the building. Mario was silently following me. With his discrete nudges, I found my way to a small, bland room used for interrogations. "Bring me the first," I ordered, sitting down in a folding chair.

Mario leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Who are they working for? What was the plan, and what are their numbers?"


I nodded and repeated the questions in my head. Nervousness made my palms sweat, and my hands tremble. I'd done nothing like this before,

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Exit - 2

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and I knew I couldn't mess it up. I knew my pack would look to me to get these answers. Answers that we needed to stop the rogue attacks along my borders.

"Breathe," Mario whispered to me and gave me a look that said he had total faith in me. He meant it to be reassuring, but it only made me even more nervous. I wiped my palms on my pants leg and took a slow, deep breath as the door opened. I leaned back in my chair, forcing myself to look relaxed. Koreyon led the first rogue into the room and pushed him into the folding chair across from me.

6/6